IRONTON, - - MISSOURI

TWILIGHT TALES.

Woods, fields and hills are clothed in gray, The twilight mists arise-A single golden-pointed ray Lights up the western skies, And 'neath the shadow of the hill. Where spreads the forest, dark and still, A fairy-kingdom lies.

The shadows hold for me a spell-A perfect witchery-The echo of the vesper-bell Still sounds from tree to tree. And voices that are low and sweet

From every darkened nook repeat A tale of love to me. Some voices tell the tale in rhyme, And o'er it seems to fall

The echo of the vesper chime-Sometimes a word is all. A single name—a whisper low-Tells all the story, and I know Alone to me they call.

I dare not penetrate the shade, But stand within the plain-While comes from that enchanted glade The musical refrain.

The voices vanish at the day, But when the mists rise, cold and gray, The tales are told again. -Flavel S. Mines, in N. Y. Ledger.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

Result That Followed.

It was perfectly patent to Lucia Caldwell's maid that her mistress was not usual over her toilet, but that she was also anxious to create an impression.

In the first place, she was not sure what gown was the most becoming, and had them all laid out before her, until the dainty boudoir was as full of color as a garden bouquet, and the long glasssnow, airy, cloud-like gossamers and about Dick she seemed utterly unable shining silks.

She held up first a Nile green. "Ma foi!" exclaimed the maid; "how it sets off your eyes. Blue eyes and black lashes are -

But Lucia had flung away the unsatisfactory gown. This time it was with a pink crepe-de-chine that she stood before the mirror. "The very color of your cheeks-so

like a rose leaf' -- and again Antoinette's adulations were unheeded.

"Perhaps this would please mademeiselle better-yellow is the color black hair always -

"Here, Antoinette, take them awaybecoming," and Lucia stood surveying and send her maid to one of the servants the gown with a critical look. "You think so?" she asked, appealing to the maid, who had returned to help

with speculations.

one of the last of the season, and she had come to the conclusion, after talking with Mr. Jefferson's valet, that Lu- Lucia only at the last to escort her and cia's heart was utterly fancy free-as her mother to the carriage. safe and sound as the day she made her debut in society-and, more than that, tress had grown indifferent to the gayeties that had never proved particularly intoxicating.

Then, too, in spite of its being Lucia's second season, she was as undisputed a belle as on her first night. Antoinette was determined to fathom the mystery.

Lucia trailed back and forth before the long pier glass, then stood with her shapely head a little on one side, very well pleased by the reflection.

She looked at her soft hair and rearranged the curling locks-she picked the cascade of lace at her corsage, then patted it -she pushed back the draperies and with a little movement settled herself in her gown, then thrust out surprise, constantly surrounded her. feet security, free from the dangers the small-toed dainty slipper with its rosette, its shining buckle and mystery as ever. To be sure, she was other less tender-hearted kinds, and as high heel-certainly she was looking very well, and she walked back and forth waving her fan, feeling withal a thrill of satisfaction.

"James has been walking the horses up and down for many minutes," prompted | ing all the time what there was about | however, the juniors take care always | thouard Vaincourt, born in 1796. They Antoinette, as she put the white silk and down-trimmed cloak over Lucia's fair shoulders, "and your mamma should waste time in thinking of her at any threat of danger, exactly as baby wishes you to come soon, immediately, all; then the season was over, and he lest you are not in early time for the

"Yes!" Lucia absently answered, taking a last long glance at the reflection in the mirror. And as she entered Mrs. Pickering's brilliant halls she felt a sharp, sudden pang lest he should not

"He" was in town she knew, for he while they were out that afternoon; besides, he had arrived in New York the week before-indeed it was really for him that the dinner was given.

How much she had heard about him, for he was her cousin Dick's chum in college, and traveling companion abroad. If she had not missed the steamer she would have seen Mr. Lawrence at Dick's

She wondered if he looked like his picture-that was certainly handsome enough to please the most fastidious

mind. It was only in rare moments that she acknowledged, even to herself, that she had cherished a decidedly sentimental admiration for that face from a very

Mrs. Caldwell and Lucia were a little late when they walked across the drawing-room to be received by Mrs. Pickering. Dinner was to be served at seven. and the hands of the clock in the hall pointed at ten minutes past that hour. "My dear Mrs. Pickering," murmured Mrs. Caldwell, "you really must pardon

us-are we your last guests?-but we were unfortunately delayed a little." After Mrs. Pickering had received her guests she turned to a tall, blonde man standing near and asked him to take Lucia out to dinner.

"I dare say you and Miss Caldwell already feel like old friends after so long repel all advances. She was, indeed,

an acquaintance with Dick"-- and they all moved toward the dining-room. Lucia had swept Mr. Lawrence from head to feet with a direct yet swift nights. She arranged impromptu dra-

far handsomer than the various representations her cousin had made of him. He was tall, strong and manly looking, a heavy chin and a light mustache.

His face lighted up wonderfully when he smiled, otherwise it was rather sleepy-looking, not unbecomingly so, but enough to suggest he was no novice in the world, and there was not overmuch to interest him nor impress him.

He had heard a great deal about Lucia—she was certainly very charming said a few hurried words to Mr. Jack- is filled with pants for the Western to look at-he, too, had seen her pict- son. No one noticed it until the yacht trade."-Good News.

ure, but that was years ago, when he seemed to go slower and slower. Then

maiden, not quite sixteen. He could trace the girlish looks in the self-possessed society woman, as he stood before her, and, offering his arm, smilingly led her to the table. They found a good deal to talk about.

Mr. Lawrence's sleepy way of saying day. witty things. Lucia was enjoying her partner imherself, she inadvertently arched her instep so that the heel was raised, and in an instant her foot had slipped out of

its narrow prison. With a quick movement her foot

push it further away. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "what shall | ing helplessly out to sea. I do? But of course it is just here, and if I slide a little in my chair I can reach

noticed it.

She could just touch the heel of her ship. slipper with her toe, and, wriggle as best she could, it was utterly impos- and took her by the arm, saying: sible after a moment to even find the little shoe.

She tried to talk, she tried not to

back her refractory slipper? Her conversation was rather spasmodic, and Mr. Lawrence began to How She Lost Her Slipper and the think she was like so many other girls great ship—the one that had run them -pretty and attractive for a few minutes, and flat and insipid ever after.

he felt a decided disappointment in the | yacht. only spending a much longer time than cousin Dick had told him so much about and was so anxious for him to her a belle.

She was pretty enough; he could not es reflected heaps of laces like drifts of she had exhausted a stock of questions to follow when he led the conversation. She was not self-possessed-a society

woman should always be that-and she toward her. blushed and fidgeted if he looked at her. Was she enamored of him, or did she fancy him her victim? Bah! Certainly it was a long dinner, and

Mr. Lawrence tried to interest Lucia in the various subjects girls usually find entertaining-but with what success? After she had gone to the drawingroom he lingered to smoke with the

others and drew a breath of relief. After Lucia had slowly and care fully -and naturally as possible-walked deed has been the whole year, since I from the dining-room, it was an easy met you," he whispered. leave the while tulle-that is always matter to escape to the dressing-room

for her wretched slipper.

But alas! she had to wait there until the men had finished their eigars and | from the first." wine before it was found, then with But her light laugh rang out: "No! "It is perfect; mademoiselle is a dream | flushed cheeks and almost tearful eyes | no! do not perjure yourself." she descended to the drawing-room, but | "But I did! I do!" he cried But now Antoinette's mind was busy no opportunity was given in which she ously, taking her in his arms. could recover lost ground and make a This was to be only a dinner party, better impression upon Mr. Lawrence. it was dreadful. I lost my slipper, and

presumably bored him less, and came to later.

as the season drew to its close, her mis- night wept in very shame of her gauch- smoking-room. -Boston Herald.

"What will he think of me?" she was forced to acknowledge, for he left New York in a few days without even calling upon her.

"I will punish him for that," she ex-After the task of dressing was over, claimed. The months went by, and there was still a sore place in her heart speak of Mr. Lawrence.

pretty, but so stupid. find that she was occupying his spontaneously down the middle and al- who commanded a division of the Imthoughts in a way that quite astonished him, though of course he was wonder-

her that so attracted men. Then he grew perplexed that he heard of Miss Caldwell at Lenox, and, as usual, the reigning belle.

It may be imagined to what surprise of both they found themselves face to a voyage to the Bermudas in February. had left cards for her and her mother cia's maid had carelessly lost the list; glued together in the middle by a natto be the yachting party.

Try as best she could, Lucia could not meet Mr. Lawrence without a feeling of consciousness-and he-well he was always self-possessed.

Mr. Stephenson's place seemed always by Lucia's side, but this did not especially trouble Mr. Lawrence until the voyage was nearly over, and, indeed, the visit at Bermuda ended, and the yacht was on its way home-then he began to question Arthur Stephenson's right to be forever near Lucia, and to cherish a secret determination to place his own steamer chair there occasionally. But he did not succeed very

At last Mr. Lawrence knew very well why Lucia was admired. He could not be on board many days without seeing that she was not only beautiful, but very charming and interesting as well -the only thing that puzzled him was her lack of wit and sparkle the night he first met her. She was so very ordinary then-but for her beauty, of course.

Now it was all so different, and he would give a good deal to be sure of her favor and friendship, but she seemed to the life of the party.

She played the guitar and sang Spanish love songs on deck moonlight glance, and had found him, indeed, matics in the saloon when the weather convictions. was not suitable for sitting upstairs.

graceful partner in dancing, and the twelve months. - West Shore. with a fine head, deep blue eyes, rather best sailor he ever knew, and grew more beautiful each day.

The mutinous feeling against Arthur | should like to know something about Stephenson swelled -- they were only these stocks, sir." Wholesale Clothing three days out from Bermuda, and they Merchant-"Certainly. The goods on decided to sail to Nassau. Happy op- this floor are trousers for the New York portunity! Now he would see her, but and Boston trade. On the floor above

she was always surrounded. One night the skipper came up and and Baltimore trade. The third floor

was in college and she was a dainty a shock came, and it was known that

she had struck a bar. Fortunately Cape Fear had been passed-then something went wrong with the engines and the skipper had steered for some near port, but had gone aground. There was no need to fear-the sea was calm, and plenty of Lucia asked many questions about Dick's travels, and laughed softly at ships and "wreckers" passed near every

But two days had gone by, and they had seen no vessel. The clouds were mensely, when, suddenly forgetting growing black, a storm was near. It broke in fury at midnight, and those on board the yacht could only watch and wait and hope.

The waves dashed over the deck and beat heavily against the sides, then sought the slipper and found it, only to some way they saw the yacht had been driven off the bar, and they were drift-

It was a fearful night, and it seemed as if morning would never come--that overy moment the yacht would be Mr. Lawrence had asked her a ques- wrecked-when a shock came, and they tion, but in her perplexity she had not knew they were either driven upon some reef or had collided with an ocean

Mr. Lawrence went swiftly to Lucia "Come with me-the boat is filling

with water!" The confusion was horrible; the seem distrait. But how vexing this sailors were shouting, running to and was, and how was she going to bring | fro; the women were pale and weeping.

Lucia alone was calm. Mr. Lawrence half-carried her to the deck, and in the darkness they saw a down. But oh, joy! it had stopped and even in the fury of the storm was send-Before the courses were half served ing boats to rescue those on board the

It was none too soon, and it was a perilous journey in the life boats, but in meet. He did not understand it, and spite of wind and wave, all were saved he wondered what there was about and taken on board the ship, which Lucia Caldwell that should have made proved to be a steamer from Jacksonville to New York.

The rest of the journey it was no help acknowledging that, but as soon as longer Mr. Stephenson who was always at Lucia's side, but Mr. Lawrence. The last night before home was reached Lucia was standing by the side of the vessel when Mr. Lawrence came

> Her color rose and she softly asked: "Are you sorry the journey is over?" He was struck by her new expression.

Her eyes had a dreamy look, and there was a touch of sadness in her face. The moonlight was shining upon them-then suddenly a cloud vailed the

light, and he bent near, looking down at her tenderly. "It has been the happiest and the most wretched month of my life, as in-

Her head drooped a little. "Look at me, Lucia, I love you so! Look at me. If I could hope-do not treat me so proudly. I have loved you

"Oh! don't speak of that first night; He was talking with some one who was so stupid," she exclaimed a little

"What!" he asked in astonishment, and then the story was all told, and he Lucia leaned back among the cush- calls her his Cinderella, and keeps the ions angry and chagrined, and that slipper safe in a little glass case in his

THE MODEL FATHER.

sobbed. Nothing very flattering, she How the Pipelish Protects and Cares for His Offspring. If you want a perfect model of domestic virtue, for example, where can you at the memory of that night, and when | lantic and the British sea? This high-Dick came home she would not let him principled lophobranch is so careful of his callow and helpless young that he ister, has retired a lot of old Generals, "I detest him," she said, in fine scorn. | carries about the unhatched eggs with | and a number of dashing young Colonels They met-by chance-at Newport him under his own tail, in what scien- will soon take their places. The oldest the following season. But Lucia only tific ichthyologists pleasantly describe smiled over Mr. Lawrence's head at a as a sub-caudal pouch or cutaneous re- world, is General Maudnit, who is one bevy of young admirers, who, to his ceptacle. There they hatch out in per- hundred years of age. He has never Why she was a belle was as much a that beset the spawn and fry of so many soon as the little pipefish are big enough At the end of the season he began to to look after themselves the sac divides | medal-General Mellinet, born in 1798, lows them to escape to shift for themselves in the broad Atlantic. Even so, ard, born in 1795, and General d'Anto keep tolerably near that friendly shelter, and creep back into it again on duit's military career goes back to 1807. kangaroos do into their mother's marsupim. The father fish, in fact, has gone to the trouble and expense of developing out of his own tissues a membranous bag on purpose to hold the face on Mr. Jackson's yacht, bound for eggs and young during the first stages Miss James, Mr. Stephenson and Mr. dergoing incubation, but opening once

sons, herself and her cousin Dick, were out as soon as the process of hatching would be impossible for them to do so. is fairly finished .- Cornhill Magazine. A lady residing in a mansion near London, whose staff includes several female servants, was visited by a detective from Scotland Yard, who requested permission to see and examine the members of her household, as they were searching for a suspected character. The request, although extraordinary, was complied with, and each servant was interviewed in turn. After the last had left the room the detective pointedly asked the lady of the house if he had seen all the servants, and she assured him that he had, but added as an afterthought: "I have not called my lady's maid, as she has been with me for two years, and I know there can be nothing against her." However, the officer begged her ladyship to be allowed to see the maid, and she was called. Directly the girl entered the room the detective slipped on her wrists a pair of handcuffs, saying, as he did so: "Well, Bill, we have run you to earth at last." The trim and attractive lady's maid turned out to be a man in disguise, who had been "wanted" by the police for some time. - Boston Herald.

Gazzam-I like to read the Bazoo. Its editor strikes me as a man with earnest

Maddox-He ought to be. She knew all games, was the most suits have gone against him in the last

> -Technical Terms.-New Clerk-"1 are the pantaloons for the Philadelphia

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-It is estimated that 90,000 pianofortes are manufactured every year in London

-There are more than 40,000 mud cabins in Ireland, consisting of but a single room. -The Geographical Institute in Weimar estimates that German Africa con-

tains 935,000 square kilometers. All European Germany contains approximately 540,000 square kilometers. -The French Minister of War lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a

flight from Perigueux to Paris, 310 and 34 minutes. found bearing the image of Antiochus

of Syria, who died B. C. 164. The coin is the only one of the kind known to exist and for this reason its value is inestimable. -London to-day is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time the population of London grew to 1,500,000

in 1830, and by 1855 it had increased to

2.500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled. - Century. -The largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, twenty miles southeast of Udaipur, Rajpootana, which covers an area of twenty-one square miles; the masonry dam is one thousand feet long by ninety-five feet high, fifty feet wide

at the base, and fifteen feet at the top. -The Russianizing of all institutions in the empire of the Czar is being pushed energetically in matters great and small. Some fifty railway employes in Warsaw, whose knowledge of Russian was considered defective, were dismissed in a body recently. Prince Nikita of Montenegro has decreed that Russian shall be an obligatory study in

every school in his little island. -An astounding piece of vandalism is reported to be in progress in Egypt, with the connivance of the native officials. Three gangs of workmen, under two local sheiks, are daily extracting We bake our faces in overheated houses blocks from the lower courses of the two largest pyramids of Gizeh. These are broken up on the spot and carried [sudden changes. They live at home in away on camel-back for building pur-

-A year from next March the railroad now building from Jaffa to Jerusalem will be completed, and tourists will then be whisked away from the coast to Jerusalem in two or three hours, a journey that is now made by camel or in diligences over a horrible road. The money required to build the line is in the hands of Paris bankers, who have just forwarded the second installment of the funds to the contractors.

delivered to London from the Thames their waists to a degree our women in August last was 96,243,202 gallons; never approached. They lack the gracefrom ponds at Hampstead and High- I went to France, where the women are gate, 359,339 gallons. The daily total often goddesses. Then I knew that I was, therefore, 185,011,729 gallons for a had not seen in all England a halfpopulation aggregating 5,671,596, repredozen such women as abound in Amersenting a daily consumption per head of | ica and Paris. It was not until I went

52 62-100 gallons for all purposes. -One of the least advanced races that have come down to modern times was outlines, but that they fail of being the aboriginal race of Tasmania. There is now a Mrs. Fanny Corcoran Smith, aged fifty-seven, who claims to be the last survivor of the Tasmania people; but she is pronounced by an investigator | inality, individuality or independence; of their history to be a half-caste. The an appendage to her parent, a dead last unquestionable Tasmanian, a woman, Truganina, died in 1876. At the led into; a pulseless, milky-eyed, anifind it in higher perfection than in that | close of their existence the Tasmanians | mated identity; she lives, she moves, exemplary and devoted father, the com- had reached a degree of development she has her being-that is all. Nobody mon great pipefish of the North At- hardly equal to that of the flint workers can blame an English nobleman for

of the stone age. -M. Freycinet, the French War Min-General in France, and probably in the asked to be retired, and he still figures among the officers of the reserve. He is very proud of his St. Helena medal. Three other old fellows also wear that perial Guard at Magenta; General Richentered the service in 1813. But Mau-

SHOULD CHINA ADVANCE.

Then the Fate of Europe Would Indeed Be a Deplorable One.

We hold with Lord Wolseley, who has seen the Chinese, and seen them at war, that the Mongolian race is quite capaof their embryonic evolution. This bag | ble, under certain easily-conceivable Mr. Lawrence had accepted the invi- is formed by two folds of the skin, one | circumstances, of overrunning Contitation without noticing what other of which grows out from each side of nental Europe, of stamping out our names Mr. Jackson repeated, and Lu- the body, the free margins being firmly | progressive civilization, and of establishing their own cast-iron, immovable but she thought that only the Hunters, ural exudation while the eggs are un- polity in its stead. That they will actually do this is, we grant, unlikely and Mrs. Andrews, besides the Jack- more in the middle to let the little fish | enough; but it is absurd to speak as if it It is not difficut to demonstrate the existence of this possibility. The population of China is at least 300,000,000. This was the computation of Marquis Tseng, through the French authorities say 381,000,000, and Prof. Legge, the professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, detlares that 400,000,000 is nearer the true number. But the former one provides in utterly inexhaustible reservoir of figiting men who can learn to use weapons of precision as well as Europeans, who are as industrious and ingenious as beavers, who are perfectly obedient to orders, who are quite as fearless at regards death, not merely when in a condition of mental exaltation, but habitually, and who would not mutiny, no matter what their hardships, unless prevented from rambling. If, as Lord Wolsdy says, this population ever awakes, produces Generals and determines not to etitself be excluded from all the best places of the earth, it will be impossible to withstand it. The Chinese would jot, of course, overrun Europe like Najoleon, but their silent, steady pressure would be quite irresistible. Inch by inch they would appropriate the Western civilized world. Even now, when the Chinese are for all practical purposes dormant, the Amoor. What, then, would be the gloomy people of serious character. Hu man nature five thousand years are policy?

Their advance would be like that of were conquered, and the Chinese, war- Parents' Review. ing some horrible veneer of civilization, were to establish themselves in Polati, Lord Wolseley's Battle of Armageddn at all, but masticates with its gizzard. | fore it is finished. - Theater.

between the Anglo-Saxon and the Mongolian realized. If the Enlish were beaten, civilization as we know it must die out, for progress is the one thing of which the Chinaman is incapable. No doubt this moral eclipse would not last forever, for Providence does not intend mankind either to perish, as Count Tolstoi desires to see him perish, or to sink back into permanent barbarism. At last the climatic conditions of the West would modify the Chinese race, and then some few germs of civilization. 'spared by chance when all beside was spoiled," would begin to be cultivated miles. There were 2,746 entries, and | and bear fruit again, and little by litthe winner did the distance in 7 hours | tle, and after a series of painful efforts, the social structure would be raised -In Tepe-Kermene, an ancient town once more from the ground. Into this In Crimea, a platina coin has been dim future it is not, however, worth while to peer, especially as we may hope that even if the battle of Armageddon has to be fought between us and the Chinese, it may be the Englishspeaking peoples who will win. If they lo, the destruction of the rest of Europe will not be an irreparable loss, for Providence seems already to have decreed that civilization in the twentyfirst century shall practically be Anglo-

Saxon. - Spectator. WOMEN IN ENGLAND. Julian Ralph Don't Blame My Lord for Marrying a Yankee Girl. A word may be in place here about the English women. They are very little like the better moiety of Americans. They appear to have the most bountiful health, and they certainly do possess the loveliest complexions imaginable. The Indian females of Alaska, who cover their faces with a thick black mixture of soot and grease, in order to preserve their beauty, may have the most perfect complexions, as they boast, but until there is other evidence than their assertion, the palm certainly must go to the English. Even in Whitechapel, or among the peasant or fisher girls, you will see cheeks like the sides of peaches, while among the London beauties the faces are like ivory suffused with the tidge of rose leaves. at least six months in the year, and if we expose them, it is to violent heat or such discomfort that the best way to get warm has been for ages to get out of doors and walk. The consequence is that they are born with a fondness for the open air and open-air exercise, and always in a climate moist and productive of the most superb animal and vegetable development But it seems to me that the finest English women fall far short of our mark. Big, bony, heavy womentoo tall and big and heavy-they carry shoulders as disproportionately wide as -The average daily supply of water the sails of a windmill, and then pinch from the Lee, 59,879,606 gallons; from ful, opulent curves of the perfect for their just dues need them the most, kept still and let the good work go on, the springs and wells, 28,529,582 gallons; woman. I never fully realized this until and we can not foresee the consequences and the other day he received a pair of to Paris that I realized the fact that English women lack not only rounding "stylish," and that they are wanting in gracefulness. As for the English young girl, or "miss," she is next door to a chrysalis, without wit, or spirit, or origweight upon whatever company she is

> that I am convinced .- Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

marrying an American girl if he can; of

OLD-TIME CARICATURE. The Ancient Egyptian Tombs by No Means Devoid of Humor. Caricature was known from a very early period, a little broad sometimes and full of satire, but telling and original. In a papyrus of the nineteenth dynasty, now in the Turin Museum, amusing scenes are depicted in the love affairs of a shaven priest and a songstress of the Temple of Ammon, while in the same papyrus are sketched comic groups of animal life. In the first scene a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and sceptered like a Pharaoh. With maestic swagger he receives the gifts pre-

sented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor. A lion and gazelle are playing at draughts, a hippopotamus is perched in tree, and a hawk has climbed into the tree by means of a ladder, and tries to dislodge him. A Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a chariot by prancing greyhounds, is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats, the latter having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle-axes, shields and bows and arrows. The artist's idea seems to have been the defeat of the cats by the animals upon which they prey; or, if we look for a deeper meaning, the successful revolt of the op-

pressed upon the oppressor. In a papyrus in the British Museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat and a herd of goats by two wolves, with crooks and wallet; one of the wolves is playing a double flute. A drawing on a tile in the New York Museum represents (quite in the Caldicott style) a cat | developed till his strength is doubled, dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion, seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl, and being | megrims by which she was once afflictfanned and offered dainties by an abjectlooking tom cat with his tail between | in their four years of impecuniosity than his legs.

On the walls of a tomb at Thebes belonging to a priest of Ammon the love of caricature is indulged in even in the sacred subject of a funeral. One of the boats following in the mournful procession across the Nile to the sacred metropolis has grounded, and in being pushed off the bank, strikes a smaller one laden with sacerdotal offerings of cakes, fruits, etc. The table on which. these dainties are arranged has upset, and the good things are falling like a hail-storm on the heads of the astonished rowers underneath.

The more we learn of the habits of it is difficult for the Russians to prevent the ancient Egyptians the less we cher. the house. them from filling up the province of sish the old impression of their being s much the same as it is to-day, altered simply by climate and custom, and the the lemmings in Norway, except hat oldest papyrus in the world, now in the they would know how to take ship, and National Library in Paris, written 3350 so would find the sea no obstacle. If B. C., contains a series of maxims which Russia, necessarily the first victm, we of to-day might take to heart -

-The cuttlefish, which amongst other the rest of Continental Europe would strange things always walks with its soon succumb, and we should then se head downward, does not chew its food

PAY YOUR DEBTS PROMPTLY.

The Evil Effects of Delay in Meeting One's

Onligations.

every claim; but they feel no special

duty to hasten these acts of justice. If

they are done eventually they are con-

tent, and think that others should be

content also. The hours or days or

weeks that may clapse between the claim and their fulfillment of it do not seem to them very important, if it is but ultimately discharged. They would not for the world evade a debt, but they will delay its payment without any punctuation. They intend to throw all their influence on the side of the right, but whether to-day or to-morrow they have not decided. Now there are, of course, some case where this may be unattended with any apparent evil results; there are others where more or less inconvenience ensues; and still others where all manner of suffering and loss is entailed. Those who come close enough to the poorer classes to succeed in gaining their confidence find, that one prolific source of the suffering they are trying to alleviate is the unpunctual payment of services renlered. Happily the people who deliberately cheat a workman or a workwoman out of his or her just earning are few; but the number who put them off to a more convenient season is by no means small. Slight excuses, such as the trouble of prepring for it beforehand, of making change, or of breaking inte some interesting occupation, will suffice to quiet whatever compunctions they may have in postponing a payment that is due. They can not see the disappointment, the weariness, the denial of comforts or necessities, the inability to pay a pressing creditor or to employ a needed physician, perhaps the sickness, suffering, ruin, and even death, which may often follow their procrastination. Even where the results are less immediately disastrous they often give rise to a series of offenses. He who fails to collect his dues requently fails in consequence to pay his debts, and thus a whole series of unpaid workers may trace back their various troubles to a single delinquent. Such people will say that in the end they will pay what they owe, but this is not so, for they owe promptness. Without this, justice has not been rendered. Tardy payment can never atone for the injury which may have been inflicted. No regret, no apology, no added interest, even, can ever undo what has been done, or restore what by this negligence and indifference has been taken away. Though it is true that such results may not follow, it is certain that they often do, and we are never sure that they will not. Often those who press the least want to seem captious about it, and he of delay. - Philadelphia Ledger.

BUZFUZ AT HIS BEST.

How a Philadelphia Lawyer Paralyzed an Inoffensive Jury.

A lawyer named Flowers, who has just come to Philadelphia from the country, is paralyzing every body by his rococo style of eloquence, which even Dan Dougherty couldn't imitate. Here, for instance, is how he defended a woman who was up for a common scold: Gentlemen of the jury, you have

probably heard the words:

At midnight in his guarded tent, The Turk was dreaming of the hour When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, Should tremble at his power.

[Loud Cheers.] Yes, gentlemen of the jury, we are to strike for our altars and our firesstrike "till the last armed foe expires." [Cries of "Demosthenes," "Cicero," "Clay."] Then, like Nero of old, we shall have to weep for shame that there are no district-attorneys to conquer. I ask you in the name of common sense and decency, gentleman of the jury, to acquit my client. She is no common scold. She does not make "night hideous" with howls and bedlam noises. "Birds of a feather flock together," but she is not the kind of a bird to flock with this feather. [Cheers.] Gentlemen of the jury, this

woman's liberty is at stake, I ask you to acquit her. Yonder floats the ensign which has for years floated o'er land and sea [loud | cheering as the emblem of the land of the free and the brave. Long, long may she continue so to wave! [Cheers.] May her protecting folds encircle not only we assembled here, but this, my client, e'en as the hen gathers her chicks under her wings in time of storm. [Wild outburst of applause.]-Philadel-

Advantages of Poverty. There is in New York City a married man whose wife was reared in luxury and always enjoyed wealth till four years ago, when, through unforeseen circumstances, he lost his all and fell into poverty, but not into the dumps. He gave up his mansion, took quarters in a tenement, and got hard work at low wages. She took to the kitchen and did the cookery of the household; she took to the tub and did the washing for the family; she took to the broom and did the sweeping and cleaning of the apartments. He is still at hard labor on low wages, and she is yet at work in her household. His muscles have been and her nervous system has been invigorated so that she has forgotten the ed. The twain has enjoyed life better they had ever enjoyed it in all their

years of fortune.-N. Y. Sun. Pretty Well Seasoned A man who lives on Brush street sent a small boy to a neighboring saloon after a quart of amber liquid. The small boy on returning sat the pail on the side porch and called to the man to announce the arrival of the beverage. The latter was inside the house and did not respond immediately. A tramp, of the most pronounced type, saw the small boy deposit the beer on the porch, went in and was in the full enjoyment of the foamy when the owner emerged from

"What do you mean by drinking my

beer?" shouted he. The tramp lowered the growler from as the "sandwich man" tossed a bit of his cavernous mouth, blew the froth from his unkempt mustache, and, with a surprised look, replied: "Beer! Excuse me, sir, I thought it

was water." The man who had paid for the beer fainted, and the tramp went joyfully on his way. - Detroit Free Press.

-A play is over, or done, when it is finished. It is frequently over-done bePITH AND POINT.

-A woman may not be able to find her pocket, but she never has it filled with letters she has forgotten to mail.-El-Many persons in forming and in carmira Gazette.

rying out their ideas of justice fail to take account of the element of time. -Worldly pleasures seem to be about equally divided after all. Dogs have They intend to deal justly with every their days and cats their nights .one, to withhold from no one his due, to fulfill every obligation and satisfy Drake's Magazine.

-Teacher-'Tommy, you may explain the difference between wages and salary." Tommy-"The man that draws a salary has to spend most of it for clothes or lose his job."—Indianapolis Journal. -In Church.-He-"I should think that Dudley would be careful not to drop his voice in singing." She-"Why

that it would not take much to break it."-Lowell Citizen. -Preventing Its Spread. -Johnny-'Ain't yer going ter school, Jim?" Jimmie-"Naw, we got the scullet fever at our house, and de doctor sez I can't go ter school. I'm going to der dime museum dis aft. So long."-Boston Herald.

so?" He-"Because it is so cracked now

-"My wife is getting to be too extravagant," growled Bodgers. "Here she has gone and spent £3 for a new bonnet, when she knew I had acsepted an invitation to go driving with Pudgers and it would cost me at least £5."-Newcastle Chronicle.

-Woman in Rusiness.-Brown-"You were a nice time getting that book." Mrs. Brown-"I had to ride across town." Brown - "How was that?" Mrs. Brown-"I heard of a place where could get it two cents cheaper."-Harper's Bazar.

-He Knew .- "A man paid \$3 for a barrel of apples. He sold half of them for \$2.50, and the rest decayed on his hands. How much did he lose?" asked the teacher. "He didn't lose nothin'," brawled out a farmer's boy in the class. "He worked 'em up into cider."-Chicago Tribune.

-When a loon sees any thing bright -a red scarf, or a looking glass, or a lantern at night-he swims toward it and wants it. He could not do any thing with it if he had it, only to spoil it-but he wants it all the same. The family exists in great variety, aquatio and terrestrial, literary and political, secular and religious. - Chicago Interior.

-A Benedict's Opinion.-Yabsley-Prof. Potterby is a little the most absent-minded man I ever heard of. He actually met his own wife down town the other day, and didn't know her at all." Wickwire-"I don't know whether that was absent-mindedness or not. A woman looks a heap different down town from what she does at home."-Indianapolis Journal.

-Thirteen years ago a Boston man lost a trunk on a railroad entering Chicago. The officials asked for a week to hunt it up, and then they wanted a month and a year. The loser didn't socks, a collar and the lid of his long lost trunk, together with a note stating that there were no charges for storage.

-Detroit Free Press. DRUNKEN TURKEYS.

Queer Thanksgiving Custom Formerly Observed in Central New York. The opening ceremony of the festivities connected with Thanksgiving Day in a part of Central New York used to be, and perhaps still is, making drunk the turkey that was to be the most important feature of the holiday feast. When the bird that was to occupy the place of honor on the table had been selected it was taken to one corner of the farm-yard and a cup of brandy was

placed before it. The turkey would drink this eagerly, and wou a first-class exhibition of being "tear" of the funniest kind. He would staggeringly strut up and down, his wings trailing on the ground. At one time he would seem to look extremely wise, and then would appear to be overcome with the hilarious aspect of his condition. In the meantime the other fowls would look on with gravity and wonder at the curious capers of their companion as he toddled around, sometimes gravely swinging his head from side to side and sometimes lifting it high in the air.

All the members of the family, and the relatives and friends who had come to spend Thanksgiving with it, would gather in the yard and enjoy the sight. Finally, when the poor fellow was exhausted and overcome with drowsiness, he was killed.

The good housewives imagined that it increased the flavor of the turkey fifty per cent to kill it while it was drunk. Families that would not allow a drop of liquor to be brought into their houses at any other time, except as medicine, would not think it wrong to make their Thanksgiving turkey drunk. Perhaps it was thought that the bird would feel less worried over its fate if the headsman's hatchet was put to it while it was in a state of blissful igno-

rance.-N. Y. Tribune.

THE BIRDS LOVE HIM. A Queer Character Who Is on Friendly

Terms with the Denizens of the Air. There is a "sandwich man" in Brooklyn whose "beat" is on City Hall square. Although fierce of mien and unprepossessing in make-up, and having apparently but few friends among human beings, yet he is not friendless. His nearest and dearest friends are doves and pigeons. At almost all hours of the day they hover around him, picking up crumbs that he doles out

sparingly from his meager store of food. It is a pretty sight, and scores of people frequently pause to gaze upon it. Some of the birds are beautifully marked. Before alighting they circle gracefully around the "sandwich man," waiting for his signal to come to luncheon. This signal, which seems to be a sudden extension of the right arm, is thoroughly understood by the feathered beauties, for the instant it is given they flock about the unkempt and ragged man. In and out between his feet they waddle, picking up the crumbs in the most fearless fashion, while others perch themselves proudly upon his shoulders and take morsels of bread and crackers from his fingers.

One dove, white as snow, is the star of the impromptu show. It has been trained to take the food on the fly, for cracker in the air the dove flies up and catches it before it falls.

The exhibition is usually at its height toward evening .- N. Y. Herald.

-- As an illustration of the remarkable suspension of vitality known among some of the microscopic organisms, it is said that microzmes may lie during entire geologic periods in such a rock as chalk, and yet retain the power of development